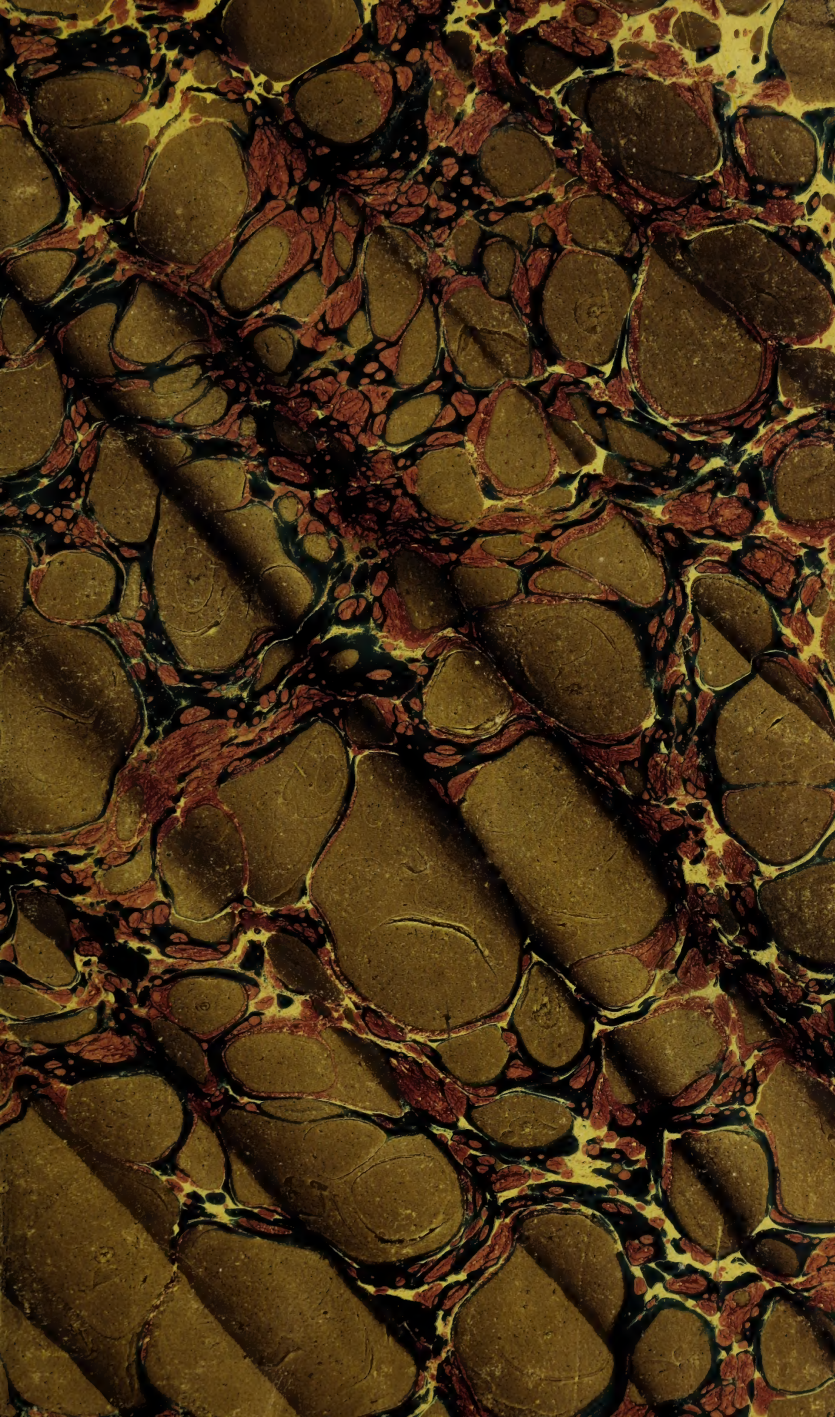
P. 84. 848

SHELF No. P. 84. 848

Galatea Collection.
Gift of Theodore Stanton



This book belonged to Elizabeth Cady Stanton before her marriage & was taken with her on her wedding tour to Europe in 1840. Some of the written pages are "sentiments" from her Johnstown friends; but others, especially in the back, are by Mrs. Stanton and are evidently extracts from books she was reading & reflections of her own. The pictures were pasted in during her first European tour.

Theodore Stanton.

Paris, 1897.

Theodore Stanton
Oct. 28 1897

"But in no productions of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more obstinately seen than in those of the author of Childe Harold."

"His character produced the poems and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His lines speak a language sufficient not more to imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines that by a contrivance of the artist wind up to a tune of their own, but instruments through which the touches of his own soul in tones of a general sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The absolute misanthropy of this mind and those dark shades over his poetry like one of his own tuneful castles, we feel it to be sublime but we forget that it is also truth that it cannot have existed if it

abandoned by every thing that is kind and peaceful and happy and it has begun to become the haunt of outlaws and assassins. Nor are the more tender and affectionate passages those to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness.

It is not that we can here or there detect a proposition formally false or pernicious. but that he leaves an impression unfavourable to a healthful state of strength and feeling. peculiarly dangerous to the youth and most susceptible hearts.

They are the scenes of a summer evening, when all is tender and beautiful and grand: but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven and the pestilent vapours of night are breathed in with the fragrance and balm. and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of the exposure.

Professor Tinsley.

Miss Edgeworth.

Miss Edgeworth has so continually combined the features of her characters that the predominant expression is somewhat as it should be. She has shown us not vices mingled by virtues, but virtues degraded and perverted by their union with vices. The success of this lady has been great, but had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue and had she added with the Apostle in the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise, she would almost have expected miracles from its touch.

From Professor Finley's inaugural address.

The proper study of mankind is man

The proper mankind

When I take your profession to work
As if you make me like a book
But I would advise you to see to your Eyes
They may not finish yourself on the way back
For education, to study human nature aright
From heaven you must get power of your sight
And if this Book e'er fall in your hands
As well many things you have not yet grasped
And so to end my days home yet still to learn
To look & find, & write & read

Confidence is inseparable from human nature. None are so reserved but they have at moments of unbending, moments when the full heart unlocks its secret fountains, and tells of emotions unsuspected - and thoughts hitherto concealed by the gaudiest show and fashion of life. None of all these can withhold confidence. There is no time like evening; no place like sitting over the fire. Jacobus Hart a boy who at three years of age, was six feet one inches in height.

So effectually does the sense of being pleased & amused absorb our faculties of perception & discrimination of character that I can only compare it to the taste of certain fruits, at once luscious & poignant, which renders our palate totally unfit for relishing or distinguishing the viands which are subsequently subjected to its criticism.

Frank Abbottstone

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Drawn by H. West

ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, FROM THE RIVER

Engraved by J. Shury

London: Published by Allan Bell & Co. Aug.t 1832.

WESTMINSTER HALL

WATERLOO BRIDGE

Newgate

"Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of him
Eternally, bidding the lips of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of sweet praise."

IRONMONGERS HALL

SERPENTINE BRIDGE

Sunset on the Alleghany

I was a pensive pilgrim, at the foot
Of the crowned Alleghany, — when he wraft
His purple mantle carelessly around,
And took the homage of the kneeling hill.
And ancient forests, — as they bowed them down
Each in his order of nobility.
And then, in glorious pomp, the sun reclined
Behind the solemn shadow, and his train
Of crimson, and of azure, and of gold,
Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint, —
And day on days — till all the concave caught
His parting benediction.

But the glare
Faded to twilight, and dim twilight sunk
In deeper shade, — and there that mountain stood
On awful state, like dread ambassador
'Twixt earth and heaven. Its haughty, it frowned scorn
Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
The arrogant forehead stormy toward the sky,
To mock its 'gainst its sins. And is it meet
For thee — thou raised on cloud-capped pinnacle
To scorn thine own original, the dust,
That sometimes eddying on the angry winds
Doth sweep thy base!

Say, is it meet for thee,
Hiding thyself in mystery, to impeach
His nether sphere, — from whence thy rocky root
Draws strength and nutriment?

But Lo! a star
The first-fair herald of advancing night

Doth sun above thy summit,— as some babe
might gaze with brow of timid innocence
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world
Thine unbeclouding glance doth aptly teach
Of that unerring mercy which vouchsafes
To light, and man, salvation. Not to mark
And treasure up his follies, or recount
Them secret record in the court of heaven
Thou com'st. Methinks, thy tender ray would shroud
With trembling mantle, his unfortunate
The fairest natures are most faithful;
But they who feel corruption strong within,
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the true
Of their own image in another's breast.
Thus the wild bull, that in some mirror spies
His own mad visage, furiously destroys
The frail reflector. But thou, steadfast star
Shalt stand as watchman, on Creations wall,
While race on race their little round shall mark
And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all
Who through this evening scene may wander on
And from yon Mountain's proud magnificence
Turn to thy milder beauty, point to all
The eternal love that mightily sends forth
A silent teacher of its sacred love

The Earth's Division

The fair earth, it shall be for all,
Divided at your need!
So, in his high Olympian hall,
The starry Jove decreed.

Each hurried at the mighty word —
The merchant swept the main,
The peasant drove the lowing herd
And sowed the golden grain.

The hunter took the glad green wood,
The soldier drew his sword;
"I win" quoth he "by title good,
A universal lord".

The miser's wealth was little known
He hid it from the light
The king said "Take ye all your own
And pay me for the right"

When Lo! the poet came at last
Late watcher of the sky;
The spoil was shared - the lots were cast
His only was not there.

He flung him at the feet of Love,
And cried "What wrong is done
To him whom thou wert wont to love,
Thy true and favorite son!"

"Blame thou not me," the God replied
"Some land of dreams too long
When earth was given to slumber
Has kept thee and thy song."

"I watched my spirit mighty bow,
Control the Ocean's flow;
I gazed forgetting in my awe
All that was mine below"

"Ah!" said the God "beneath my throne
Is given earth and sea;
But the high heaven is still mine own
And there I welcome thee"

How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see a birth in any thing it loves —
Willis

Love's not the effect of reason or of will
How few feel that passion's force because they choose it,
And fewer still when it becomes their duty —
Hey. Howard

Love never reasons, but profusely gives —
Gives like a thoughtless prodigal its all —
And trembles then, lest it has done too little —
H. More

Love rages fiercest in the bravest minds
As trees are shaken most that draw the winds —
E. Young.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame —
Are all but Ministers of love
And feed his sacred flame —
Coleridge

Love is a fire self-fed, and does not need
Hope to preserve the flame. — Shiel.

In vain I strive to blot her from my thoughts
To drive her out with envies and revenge —
Still she comes back, like a returning tide,
That ebbs awhile, but straight returns again,
And swells above the bank — Rowe

His love was passion's essence — as the fire
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was and blasted — Byron

The frigid and unmeaning throne the heart;
And a warm heart in this cold world, is like
A beacon-light, wasting its feeble flame
Upon an wintry dome that feels it not,
And trembling with each pitiless gust that blows
Till its last fire is spent — Henry Neele

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by love
Himself in love — Dryden

At last more light, a step more true
Where from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head
Elastic from her fairy tread — Walter Scott

The azure flashing of her eye was fringed
With virgin meekness and her cheek, that scorn'd
Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it
As the light dew-shower on a tuft of flowers
Browne

Love has a flutter messenger than speech,
To tell Love's meaning; his expressive heart
Upon the orbs of Vision, or the tongue
Can shape them into words. A Lover's look
Is his heart's mercury. Oh! the eye's eloquence
Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash
The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it —
Colman

There was a small clear lake,
From whence the morning, like a beauty, came
Flush from her bath — Mrs Landon

She's noble - Noble - one to Keep
Embalm'd for dreams of fevered sleep
An eye for nature - taste refined
Perception swift - and balanced mind
And more than all a gift of Thought
As thought from inspiration caught

Anonymous.

'Tis the sweetest hour of Eve, when all
Is bright - above, and calm below
When sane the wretched moan recall
That earth is but the home of woe.
Some look upon the evening grove
Some gaze upon the dark blue sea
Some on the glistening eye of love
I look for thee — —

Anonymous.

Hope is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes. Campbell.

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind: A thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; but alike whether veiled or unveiled the inscriptions remains forever —

Anonymous

To Elizabeth

If I forget, the thee may heaven,
Forget to hear my prayer;
And may my barque on quicksands driven,
Sink friendless in despair.

'Tis true that friendship often dies
When wealth and fame decay;
And love perfidious his wings espies
To shun a wintry day.

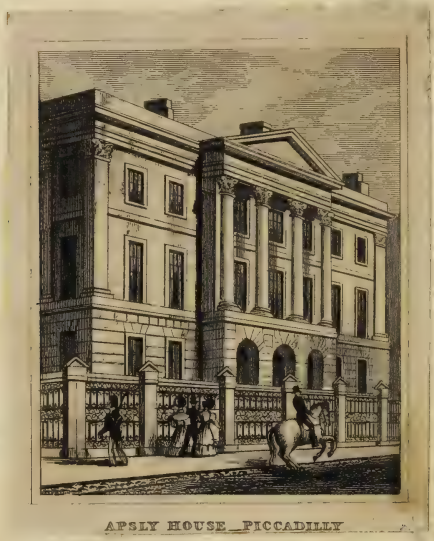
But never shall the friendly tie
That binds my soul to thee,
By haggard want or misery
Asunder sever'd be.

Julia Gardiner

Washington City
May 7th 1832.

The Eternity of the Beloved

None die but the forgotten. The twin soul
Make league with an eternal memory,
Whose voice is sleepless, and for ever cries,
Through the long watches of the silent thought
A word that is a spell, which when he hears
Sends the survivor forth; who keeps his troth
And seeks the lost one's grave with a sad joy,
And there he writes a well known name in flowers



APSLY HOUSE PICCADILLY

Song of the Irish Peasant Wife

Come Patrick close to the storms of your way;
How were kind to me once - were your flowers or me now?
And the storm settle here when from heaven it departs.
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No Patrick, no surely the wintriest weather
We easily borne - while we bear it together!

Though the rain's drooping through from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door;
Can the rain, or the snow or the storms wash away
All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
No Patrick no surely the dark storms we'll see
We easily borne - as we bear it together!

When you came out to woo me, when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun, -
Did we care if the sunset was bright - or the flowers
Or if we crept out amid starkness and showers?
No Patrick, we talked while we braved the wild weather
Till all we could bear - if we bore it together

Soon, soon, will the dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky:
Oh! let not our spirits embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that comes to us then:

Heart in heart - hand in hand - Let us welcome the
weather
And, sunshine or storm we will bear it together!

HOUSE OF LORDS

KING'S ENTRANCE, HOUSE OF LORDS

To Elizabeth

Farewell, dear Elizabeth, a sister farewell,
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet grove where pleasures dwell,
And tread the bright mansions of love.
Some pain sits on every face;
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall no tongues proclaim the grace,
That leads us homeward to the sky,
Shall sadness turn us till we find?
In that last hope and heavens smiles,
How may we trusting look behind.
And say to friends and native Farewell.

Your friend & fellow mate

Friend

Island of Cuba W.I.

1837

Johnstown Aug 25

To Lib.

Long, long shall
be my grateful fellowship to
gaze on the picture, which
memory paints on the most
vivid colors, of the happy days
I have passed in the place
of the joyous laugh - the merry
joke - the smile - the kind
word - all shall be cherished
as long as I can appreciate
the inestimable value of
friendship. And when the
angry frowns of the tempestuous
sea of life rock around me

Aug 29th 1901. Johannesburg.

When once I cross the place, how many changes will have taken place - death - removal, associations broken, before then - after all I feel resigned. I peep into the mirror of the future - may I live to work to prove the depth, and may I be blessed with contentment.

The Spells of Home —

"By the soft green light in the woody glade,
[illegible]
By the household tone through which love
First look'd in love to the summer-sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the wild-rose tufts in the grass beneath,
Where they heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious — oh! guard it well!

* * *

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight calls unto hours of mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend told
In that ring of chapter faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
[illegible]
By the meeting eye and the loving kiss,
Over the life hath the spell been thrown.

* * *

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away;
When the polluting breath of the world would come
Over the flowers it found from its childhood home
Think thou again of the woody glade,
Of the sound of the rustling tree made,
Think of the vow by the parents done,
And the hidden spell shall have power on thee.

July 12th 1831 M. D. W.

Charles Town

The Water Lily

"Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? Thus bearing up
To the blue sky, that alabaster cup
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee
The love of woman; persevering to the least
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
Mid life's dark sea.

And faith. O, is not faith
Like thee too, Lily, spreading into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might
Through the storm's breath?

Yes linked with such high thought
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And power be wrought."

"The memory of departed days, like
the last mellow rays, of the
[illegible]
sadly, on the Soul."

— [illegible] Smith

March 16th 1831.

How small is the debt which friendship we borrow.
No [illegible] from [illegible]
No, mine is the power, to bid my friend live,
[illegible]

Youth, brightest season of life, is before thee.
Long may its pleasures and joys, hover o'er thee.
Strewed with sweet flowers, may thy pathway remain,
And happiness, banish regret, care, and pain.

Long may'st thou live, still blessing, still blessed.
Earth's real treasures, all, by thee possessed,
Ah [illegible] gently bursting these weak [illegible]
My soul, dwell forever, in regions of day.-

Esther B. Cutler
of Cliftenhaze.

Troy Female Seminary. June 1831.

Saratoga Co.
N.Y.

In C. j. v. l.

"Blest type thy gray sage for the
dying soul of life, & Lord to [illegible]
that intercept the light of joy, the waves
roll gently on beneath thy look &
hope, and bear the safe to meet in
peace thine Heavenly Father, God."

Elizabeth Platt.

Troy Female Seminary
June 29. 1831.

"... Religion is the best basis of ... Moral Morality is left ... Christ ... Sunday ... Parliament ... the ... the ... and ... fashionable ... amusements" ... I fear that you, my ... the ... with ... the true foundation ... do ... I ... in the ... of the ... it ... the ... of ... and ...

... March — 1881.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

"Touch but each breath and breast with breath entwined,
Advancing still more closely they are joined;
At length that grows, no difference we see,
But 'stead of two, behold a single tree!" (Thus wish many
                                                    couple

Use all your efforts, they yield not, it grows knit
Both firmly in their usual interlacing kind
While each regards all of the other's mind
Neither envies joys received but for each!

"But the knot had been securely bound; the victim made without effort; the waters which his feet disturbed settled tranquilly over him, and the spirit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever with drawn from the scene of human existence."

Scott.

C. H. Kellogg

Pleasantdale.

at, as on the dispositions of the
world. They cripple the heart —
blind the senses, they concentrate
the thousand links between man
and man, into the basest of
earthly ties — servility and pride
Bulwer

When you shall teach
to some, wandering from the line
a portion to the rest of men, and
in his just "this may be crime in
others but not in thee!" — trembling
erring just, just to the path
you are cured — to time —
Remember me! Eugene Aram

"Thus there exists no opinions, however
rigorous, but what find evasions —
no minds, however pacific, but kindle
in great political convulsions,"

I wish you joy on your escape from the
storm of Spanish fire and sword,
and the miseries that attend it.

Liberty is like the true spring dear of heaven
it reflects with delight on all the noble
who take it by force

Edward G. Parker

When he is present, most of the time

can it be that he who hath created the
heaven and the earth, the earth and the
sea, would wish to take from the one
all fear in their ingenuity, and from the
other all hope in their misery.

It was a night of wonder, a splendid night.
Every beauty on the earth, like a confession
of what it then felt, was a sound.

The expectation is the finest moment of a
good journey.

Evening.

Nature's poetry reminds one of the ocean which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven.

The genius or principle of music which is latent in every thing, can now manifest itself in this world, as the sentiments of the future plants in the seed.

Poetry of that sort which is as it were life's utmost essence crystallized into a solid form, bring together the scattered beauties of human feeling into more refined and evanescent joy."

Farewell to the land— where the clouds love to rest
like the shroud of the dead— on the mountain's cold breast
To the cataract's roar— where the eagle is free
And the lake— lies like ocean— expanding to the sky

Souvenez-moi.

Sarah A. H. Burtis

New-York.

It not only gives Knowledge
but Puts Thought energy.

The Student writes in and
the Student is Master

Sometimes a single word
spoken by the voice of genius
goes far into the heart

Milton called his countrymen
God's secretary.

Shakespeare called the moon
the maid's star

May the soul that shall
find sympathy with me.
Be on its flight to meet the
earth? (like Michael Angelo
in whose hands the marble
and chisel to the flight)
shall often it not have
time on intellectual
inspiration. A soul so
deep can know no change
true love is always
characterised by sincerity

One word of your language
would tell me such
pearls of thought
intimate

"a cobbler and his pony
ate a potato out of a pewter
basin with ecstacy."

By the magic of manner
&
Fascinating the soul, long
charming the senses,